

No. 53

10c
FEBRUARY

BIG
SHOT

BIG SHOT

IN THIS ISSUE:
THE FACE
JOE PALOOKA
SPARKY WATTS
CHARLIE CHAN
DIXIE DUGAN
THE SKYMAN
and BO

GOLLY, DIXIE,
I DINT' KNOW
SLAPHAPPY COULD
DANCE LIKE THAT!

HE'S A REGULAR
JITTERBUG!



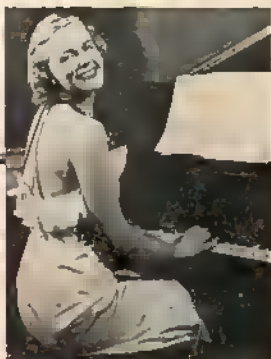
Starting this issue:
BRASS KNUCKLES



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

PIANO PLAYING

So Easy It's Really Amazing!



Mr. Dave Minor, Who Is On the Radio From Coast-to-Coast, Guarantees He Will Teach You to Play the Piano by Ear Without Knowing One Music Note From Another, Or No Cost.

Mr. Dave Minor is the man with the largest music class in the world . . . the man who guarantees if you can hum, whistle, or sing a tune, and if you are willing to spend a few minutes a day for three weeks at the piano, he can teach you to play the piano by ear, entirely without music notes of any kind. It sounds too good to be true, but it is true. You can prove it for yourself, just by mailing the coupon.

Special Introductory Offer . . . \$1.49

Here is an outstanding offer to everyone who would like to play the piano. Mr. Minor has just completed a new "play by ear" piano course that is the easiest and quickest method you ever saw. It's so good and so practical that if, in three weeks, you're not actually playing the piano, your money back. Now, isn't that fair? So, don't wait. Mail the coupon now and get in on a special offer so wonderful it's amazing!

COMPLETE
COURSE OF
HOME
INSTRUCTION

SEND NO MONEY . . . MAIL COUPON HERE AND TEST AT OUR RISK

Even if you never played the piano or don't know one note from another, Dave Minor's new improved "play by ear" piano course would teach you to play not just a few chords but the minimum, all the 100-to-150-instruction, 10's to 150's in all, 25 lessons in all, two then for a lesson! For over 25 years, Dave Minor has been teaching folks to play the piano. He has thousands of satisfied students, but never before has he been able to offer you such a complete and simplified method to play the piano by ear. You start playing chords at once, and soon you'll be playing all kinds of songs, from Dave Minor's big free song book, to your own phrases and by the completion of your third and fourth. Mail the coupon, pay \$1.49 plus C. O. D. postage on arrival, no guarantee but that alone course in three weeks, if not satisfied, for full refund.

FREE

DAVE MINOR'S FAMOUS "PLAY BY EAR" PIANO SONG BOOK GIVEN FREE.

mail this coupon

MR. DAVE MINOR, Dept. 52-NH
230 E. OHIO, CHICAGO 11, ILL.

Send your first-order coupon "Play-by-Ear" Course at 25 lessons and 100 72-page Lesson Song Book. I'll pay \$1.49 plus C. O. D. postage on arrival for your mailing guarantee. I will return course in 3 weeks for full refund. (Send \$1.49 with order and Dave Minor pays postage.)

Name

All-45

City State

☐ I am interested in learning to play the guitar. Please send me complete course for which I will pay \$1.00 plus postage.

and still that isn't all

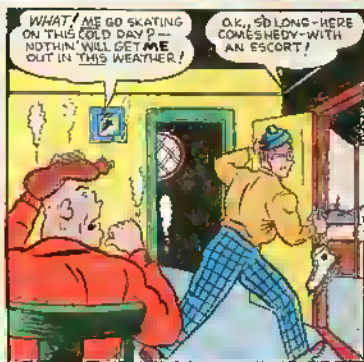
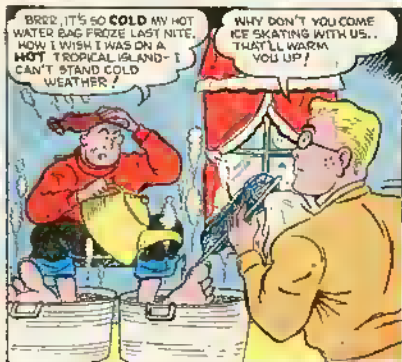
If you act promptly, now, Dave Minor will give you, absolutely free of extra costs, his big 12-page book of 20 lessons, "Guitar Songs, Theory and one song at a time in the book, but it teaches you to play riffs, licks, chords, melodies, and popular songs. All you do is follow the first few pages of the Piano course and you can play any song from this DE LUXE song book. You get this Song Book free just by making the new and simplified "play-by-ear" piano course that is guaranteed to teach you to play the piano by money back. Mail coupon today.

DAVE MINOR, Dept. 52-BB
230 E. OHIO, CHICAGO 11, ILL.

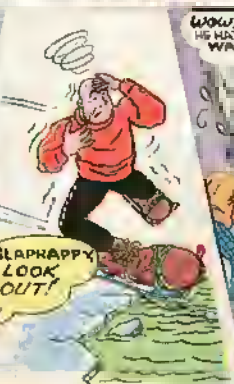
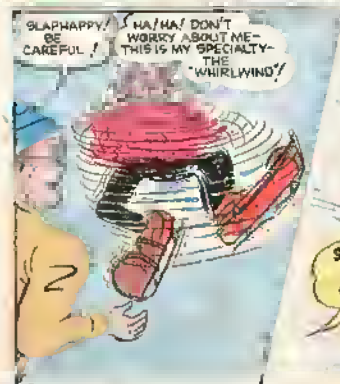
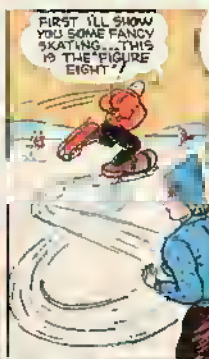
GUITAR MADE EASY

I have realized on many occasions, that I am often better at the guitar than I am at the piano. At the exceptionally low price of only \$1.00, if you would like to learn to play this fascinating instrument mail coupon. Mail your order today.

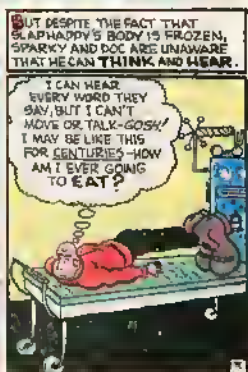
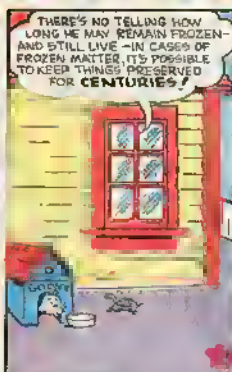
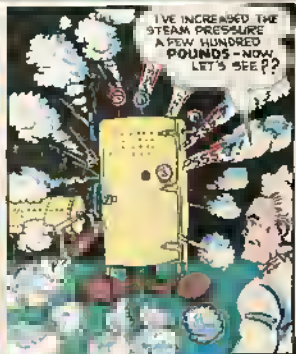
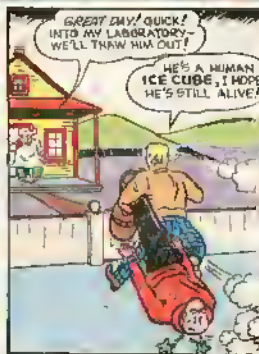
SPARKY WATTS



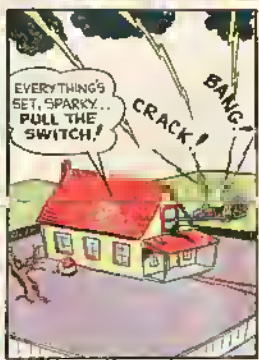
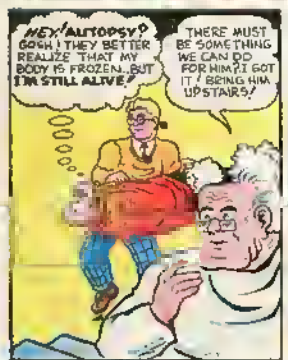
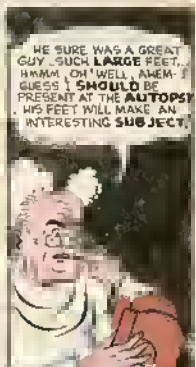
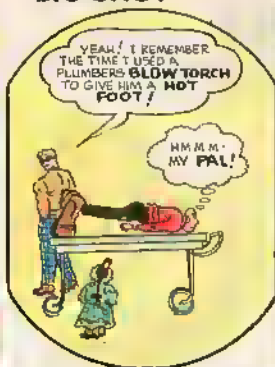
BIG SHOT



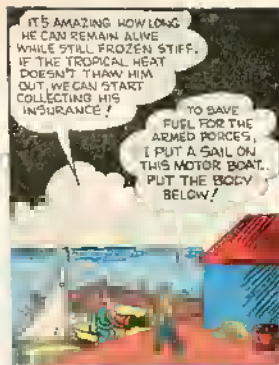
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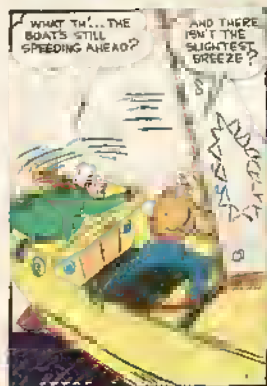
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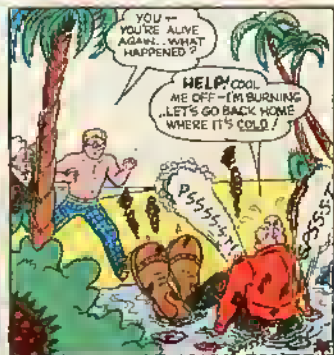
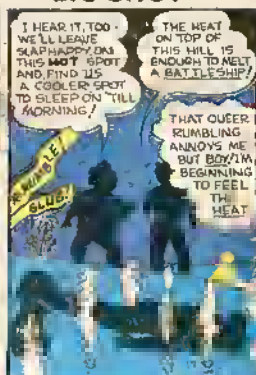
BIG SHOT



AND WITH UNEXPECTED SUDDENNESS.....



BIG SHOT



MORE OF SPARKY WATTS

THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST STRONG MAN

IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

The SKYMAN



THE TWISTS OF FATE ARE
 A STRANGE---ALLEN TURNER,
 FOR INSTANCE, WOULD HAVE
 THOUGHT ANYONE CRAZY
 WHO SUGGESTED THAT A
 TIME WOULD COME WHEN,
 AS THE SKYMAN, HE WOULD
 TO SAVE JAPAN!

THEN DROM
 IS DEAD
 SKYMAN?

I RATHER THINK SO,
 SUE-- HIS PLANE
 CRASHED IN THE
 CANYON, WITH NEARLY
 A QUART OF V-69
 A BOARD---



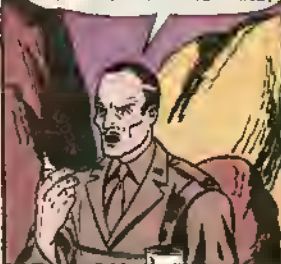
THAT WAS AN *INCREDIBLE*
 LAST WHEN MY PLANE HIT--
 AND YET I'D LEFT ONLY A
 ONE-OUNCE BOTTLE OF V-69
 EXPLOSIVE IN THE SEAT!---
 NOW I KNOW V-69 IS EXACTLY
 WHAT I NEED TO ACCOMPLISH
 MY PURPOSE---



BIG SHOT

THIS STUFF MIGHT HAVE GONE OFF FROM THE JOLT OF MY LAND-ING- BUT IT WAS A CHANCE I HAD TO TAKE!

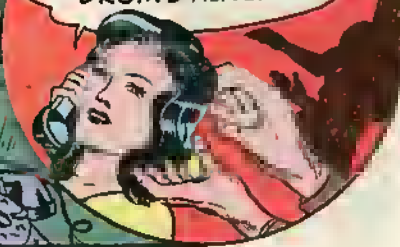
TWO WEEKS LATER DROM'S PLAN BEGINS TO MANIFEST ITSELF IN A DRAMATIC AND UNUSUAL SMALL AND ANCIENT MEXICAN TOWN---



THE ERUPTION WHICH OCCURED TWO DAYS AGO IS A SCIENTIFIC MYSTERY, BECAUSE THE VOLCANO HAS BEEN DORMANT FOR SIXTY YEARS---



ALLEN TURNER?---THIS IS SUE ST. MARIE! CAN YOU GET IN TOUCH WITH SKYMAN?--TELL HIM I'M AT MY PLACE IN CANADA---AND TELL HIM DROM'S ALIVE!

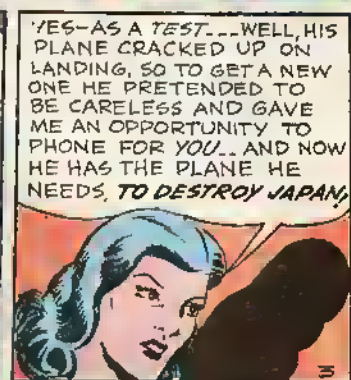
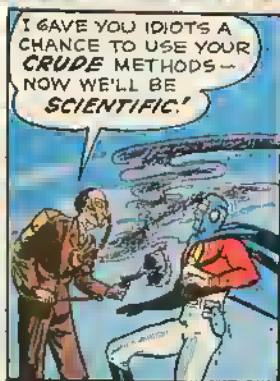


SHE SCREAMED AND THE PHONE WENT DEAD!--- LOOKS LIKE I'D BETTER BECOME SKYMAN PRONTO AND GET UP TO THE LAURENTIAN HIGHLAND AS FAST AS I CAN--!

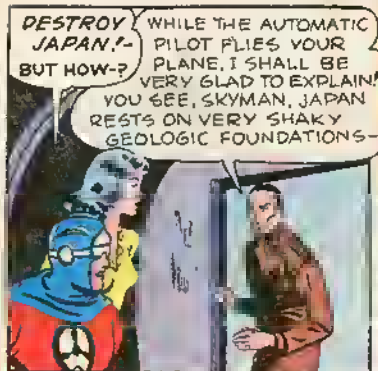


AND SO, A FEW HOURS LATER IN A LONELY REGION OF THE LAURENTIAN HIGHLAND ---



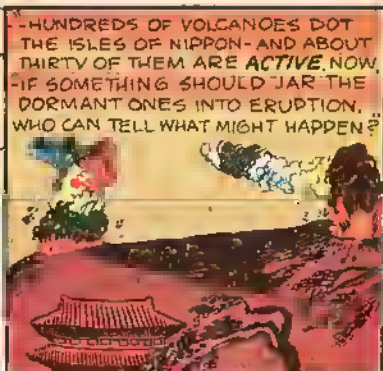


BIG SHOT



DESTROY JAPAN!- BUT HOW-?

WHILE THE AUTOMATIC PILOT FLIES YOUR PLANE, I SHALL BE VERY GLAD TO EXPLAIN! YOU SEE, SKYMAN, JAPAN RESTS ON VERY SHAKY GEOLOGIC FOUNDATIONS-



"HUNDREDS OF VOLCANOES DOT THE ISLES OF NIPPON- AND ABOUT THIRTY OF THEM ARE **ACTIVE**. NOW, IF SOMETHING SHOULD JAR THE DORMANT ONES INTO ERUPTION, WHO CAN TELL WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN?"

"THINK HOW A VOLCANO OPERATES --- NOW SUPPOSE THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE -V-69- WAS USED TO BOMB THE HARDENED LAVA **PLUGS** LOOSE IN SEVERAL CRATERS ---"



"MIGHT NOT THE INTERIOR GASES AND MOLTEN LAVA BE RELEASED IN A SERIES OF SIMULTANEOUS ERUPTIONS? --- RIGHT AFTER DOOLITTLE'S RAID YOU KNOW, THE GREAT VOLCANO, ASO SAN, ERUPTED VIOLENTLY ---"



SO- THIS SERIES OF VOLCANIC EXPLOSIONS MIGHT RESULT IN **EARTHQUAKES**- WHICH MIGHT **COLLAPSE** THE FAULTY EARTH STRATA BENEATH JAPAN -"

HE'S **MAD**, SUE ABSOLUTELY **MAD!**

"**MAD**" WHY-?

BECAUSE NO ONE KNOWS HOW THE FRACTURES IN THE LAND BASE OF JAPAN AFFECT THE REST OF THE EARTH'S CRUST! - YOUR LITTLE STUNT MIGHT **DESTROY THE WORLD!**



BIG SHOT

SO ?-**THAT** IS
A RISK THE WORLD
MUST TAKE--!



*NORTH-WEST
FLIES THE
WING, RACING
IN A GREAT
ARC THROUGH
THE STRAT-
OSPHERE,
UNTIL AT LAST
DROM CUTS
THE MOTORS
AND PUTS
THE GREAT
PLANE IN A
LONG,
SLANTING
GLIDE---*

DROM'S BUSY AT
THE CONTROLS--
SO I SNEAKED
BACK AGAIN!



GOOD GIRL!
CAN YOU
FREE ME--?

WHY DID
HE BRING
US ALONG
SUE?

HE'S VERY
VAIN--
HE LOVES
AN
AUDIENCE!

WE'RE OVER JAPAN--
BUT GO AHEAD AND
RELEASE HIM SUE--
YOU'RE BOTH **LOCKED**
IN!

IT'S OKAY, SUE--
DROM HAS FORGOTTEN
ABOUT THE
ICARUS CAPE--!



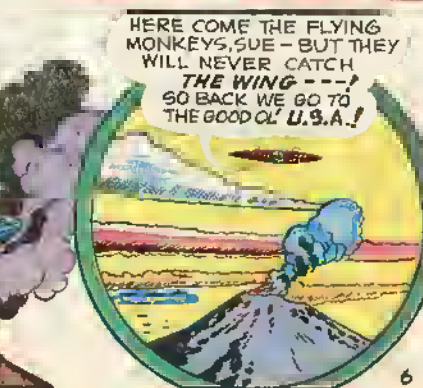
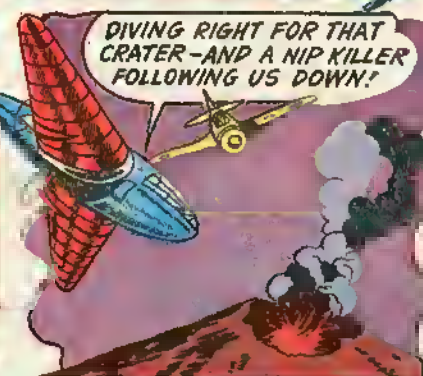
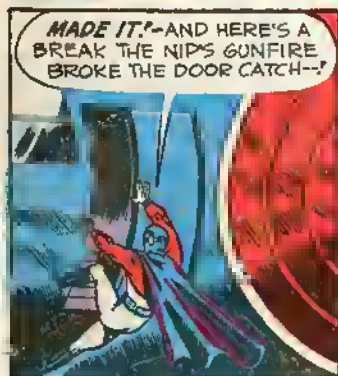
I HATE TO LEAVE HER LIKE
THIS-- BUT I MUST WARN THE
JAPS!-- BECAUSE IF DROM'S
VOLCANO-BOMBING WORKS, IT
MIGHT BE **THE END OF THE EARTH**!



AND THEN UNEXPECTEDLY, OUT OF
THE SUN, A JAPANESE HAWK
SUDDENLY SWOOPS-----!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

MEN! Sensational New

NECKTIE GLOWS
in the Dark!

BY DAY
A
WONDERFUL
NECKTIE



BY NIGHT
THE MOST
UNIQUE EFFECT
YOU HAVE
EVER SEEN



**CREATES A SENSATION
WHEREVER YOU GO...**

It seems almost unbelievable, the magic beauty of an amazing new kind of stylish, wrinkleproof, high-class necktie that actually glows in the dark! Glows with a strange, luminous pattern of the patriot's universal fighting code — "V"! It's called the new Victory Necktie, and what a sensation! Both men and women rave about its magnificent beauty, and the startling miracle of its glow in the dark, and make it the most unusual strikingly unique one you've ever seen. Imagine its marvelous effect—its actual protection on blackouts, or dimouts, for its light can be seen at a distance. And now, through this extraordinary but limited introductory offer, you, too, can secure some of these ties to wear yourself or give as a prized gift.



YOU MUST SEE THIS MIRACLE YOURSELF

SEND NO MONEY . MAIL COUPON . TRY AT OUR RISK

Makes no mistake, this new Victory Necktie must not be confused with any ordinary quality tie, for by day you'll be vastly proud of its fine material, its smartness—a high-class, distinguishes you in every way. Wrinkle proof! Ties up perfectly! It's a rich dark blue, and in a splendor of red and white, is the Victory Code that glows in the dark. You would expect this wonderful tie to be very expensive, but it won't cost you \$5.00 any more \$2.00, for under this special limited offer, it is yours for only 98¢. Not is that all. You send no money. You merely pay postage 98¢ plus postage. These genuine Sea how beautiful. And if you're not eager to wear it, if you are not fully satisfied in every way, all you need to do is return it and the manufacturer's positive assurance of money refunded. That's fair, isn't it? Don't wait. Send for your Victory Necktie that glows in the dark NOW!

MAIL THIS COUPON!

(GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO., Dept. 87K
207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3, Ill.)

Rush me my Victory Necktie that glows in the dark. I will pay nothing 98¢ plus postage with your positive assurance I will be satisfied, or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$3.79 check here ☐

Name

Address

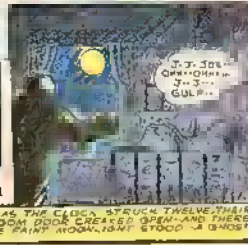
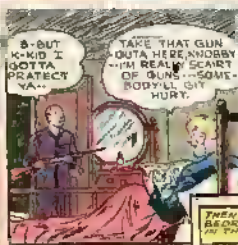
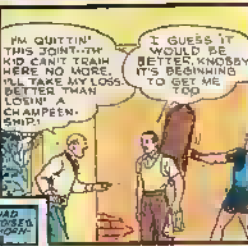
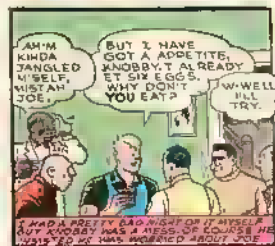
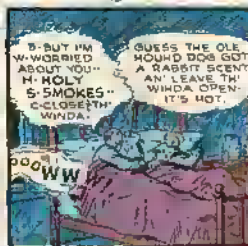
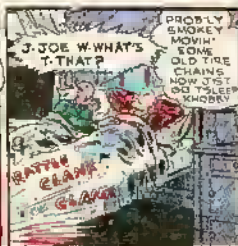
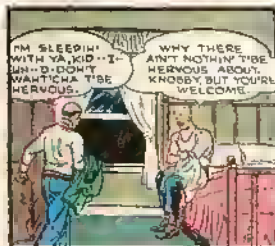
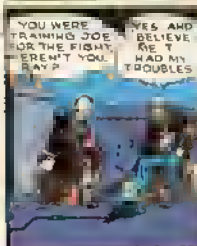
City Zone State

ONLY 98¢

Everywhere you go, by day or night, your Victory (also called Blackout) Necktie will attract attention, envy, and admiration. Imagine its beauty by day—the fighting man's "V" for Victory, in striking, red, white and blue! And at night the Victory Code is flaming beauty! Wear this tie with pride—It's smart, wrinkleproof—and holds its shape perfectly. A superb bargain in quality, with the added emotional magic of glowing in the dark. Send for yours now!

JOE PALOOKA

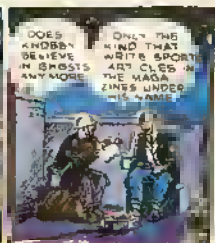
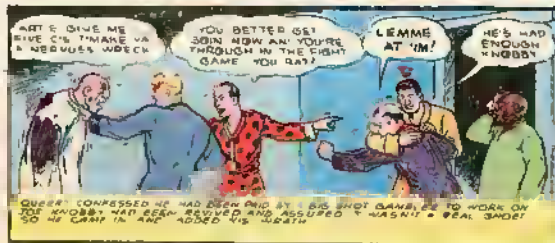
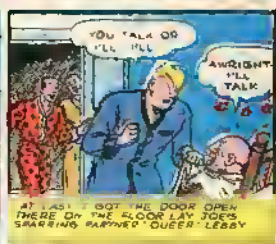
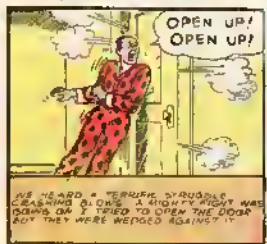
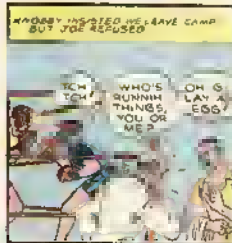
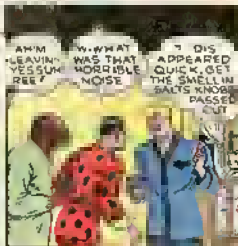
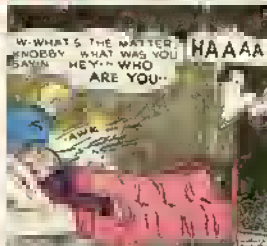
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BIG SHOT

JOE PALOOKA

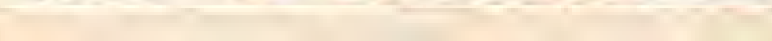
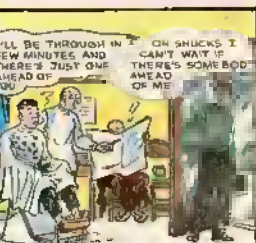
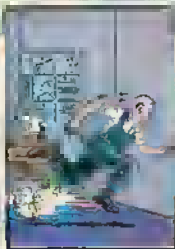
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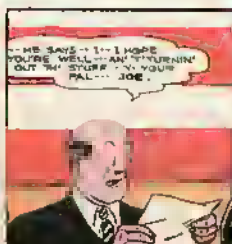
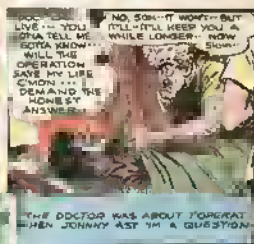
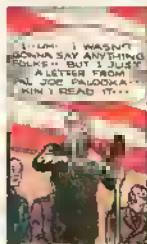
JOE PALOOKA

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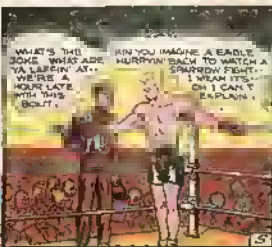
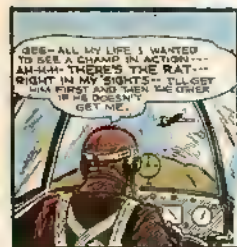
JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



DIXIE DUGAN

MC EVOY
AND
STRIEBEL

RONNIE
KINTER
PRETENDED
TO BE
SICK
TO GET
AWAY
FROM
HIS
AUNT,

AND
COUSIN!

YOU SHOULD BE
PUNISHED FOR
THIS BUT I
HAVEN'T GOT
THE TIME!
NOW GET
OUT.

Y-YES, JUST
SIR, A
MINUTE -

COME HERE,
DOCTOR!

??? -
S'MATTER??

LOOK AT HIS
EYES!

?

???

OH-OH!
LOOKS
LIKE
DIXIE
AND THE
DOCTOR
ARE UP
TO
SOMETHING!

HMM - FUNNY
I DIDN'T NOTICE
THAT BEFORE!
THIS CASE
DEMANDS
CERTAIN
MEDICINE!

HUH?

STEP ON IT,
DRIVER!

W-WHAT IS
IT, DOC?
WHAT IS IT?

I-I TOLD YOU I ONLY
PRETENDED TO BE
SICK! LET ME GO!
LET ME GO!

PRETENDED
SICKNESS HAS TO
BE TAKEN CARE OF,
TOO!

GET HIM INTO
BED!

YES, SIR!

BIG SHOT



GIVE HIM TWO
HEAPING
SPOONFULS
OF THIS!

(GIGGLE)
YES, SIR!



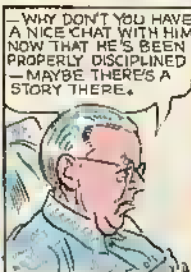
OH NO—NO—NOT
THAT!

AND
YOU CAN BET
RONNIE
WILL NEVER
MONKEY
WITH THE
MEDICAL
PROFESSION
AGAIN !!!



WE'VE PUNISHED HIM
FOR IT BUT I CAN'T HELP
WONDERING WHY HIS
RELATIVES WOULDN'T
LET HIM OUT OF
THEIR SIGHT!

HMPH!
STRANGE
—FOR A
YOUNG
MAN OF
TWENTY—



—WHY DON'T YOU HAVE
A NICE CHAT WITH HIM
NOW THAT HE'S BEEN
PROPERLY DISCIPLINED
—MAYBE THERE'S A
STORY THERE.



I BELIEVE
I WILL!

LET ME GO
WITH YOU!



WHERE IS HE?!



THEY'VE COME
TO TAKE THEIR
NEPHEW
HOME!

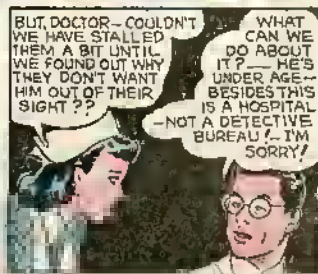
WE BELIEVE
HE WASN'T SICK
AT ALL!

HE
WASN'T!



YOU'LL FIND HIM AT THE
END OF THE HALL!
LAST ROOM ON
THE RIGHT!

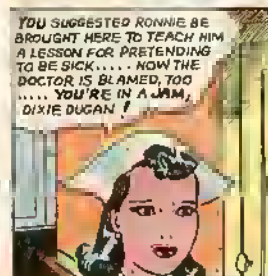
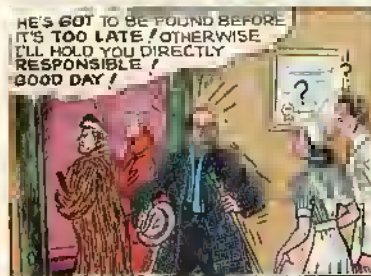
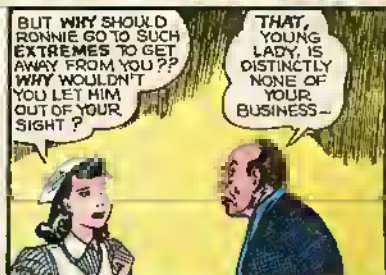
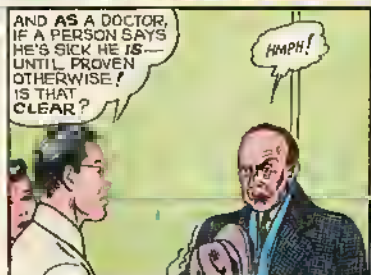
THANK
YOU.



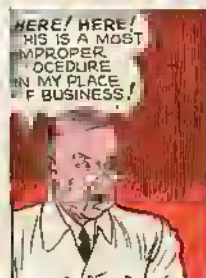
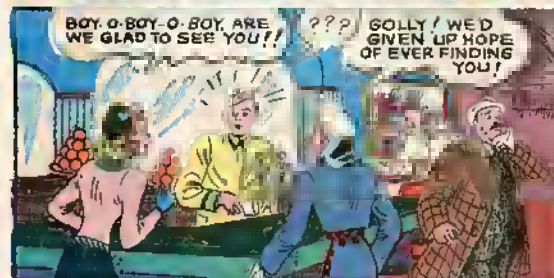
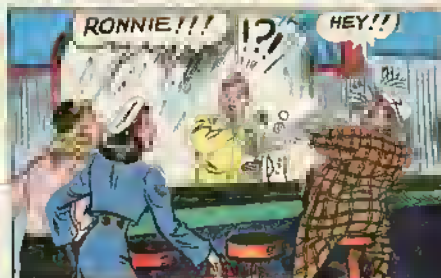
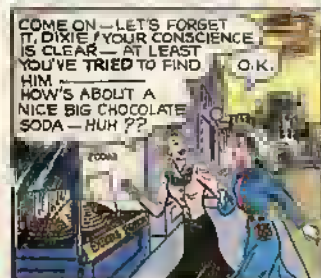
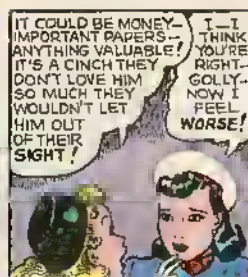
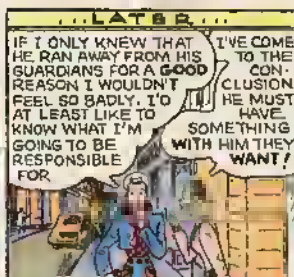
BUT DOCTOR—COULDN'T
WE HAVE STALLED
THEM A BIT UNTIL
WE FOUND OUT WHY
THEY DON'T WANT
HIM OUT OF THEIR
SIGHT??

WHAT
CAN WE
DO ABOUT
IT?—HE'S
UNDER AGE—
BESIDES THIS
IS A HOSPITAL
—NOT A DETECTIVE
BUREAU!—I'M
SORRY!

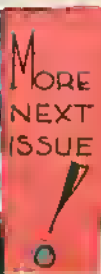
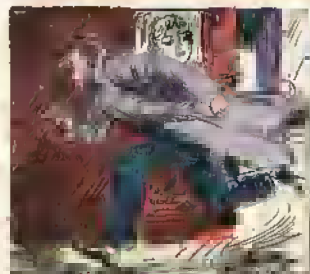
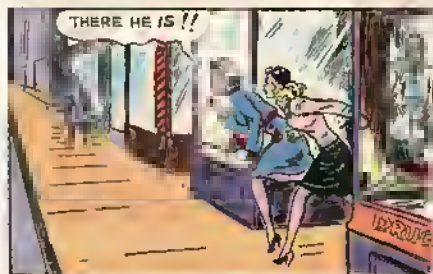
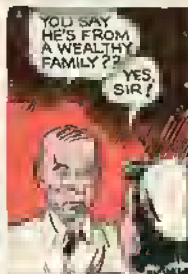
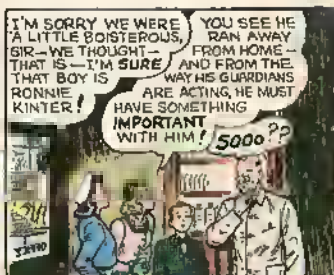
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

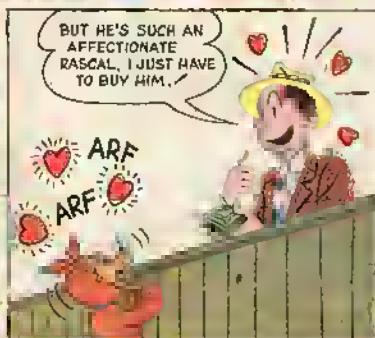
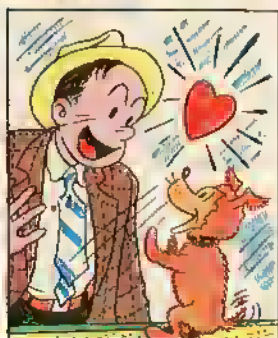


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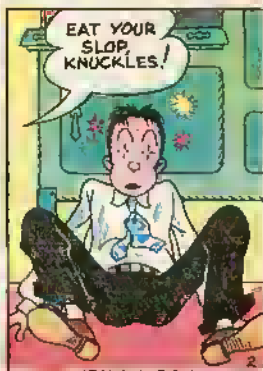
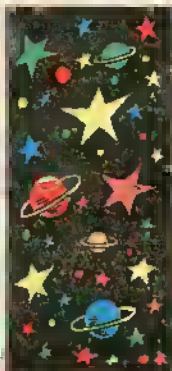
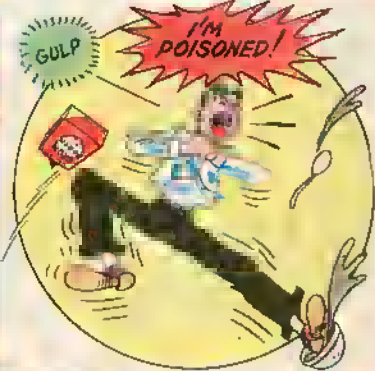


BRASS KNUCKLES

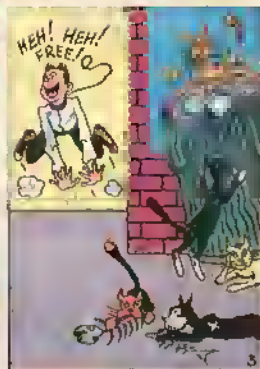
by MARTY



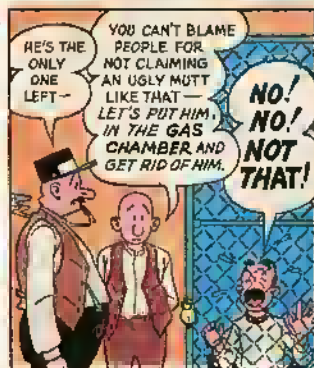
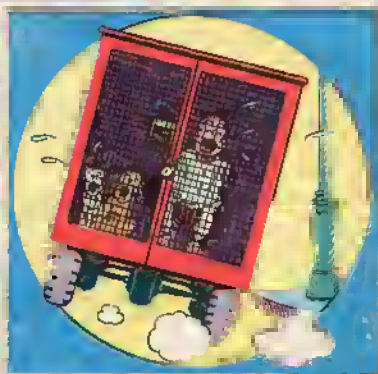
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



CHARLIE

LAN

by ALFRED ANDRIOLA

CHARLIE, GINA AND KIRK ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO TO PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE TWO ENEMY AGENTS...

YOU MUST WATCH FOR THIS MAN - PERHAPS ACCOMPANIED BY EXOTIC WOMAN!

EVERETT MORGAN! - WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, CHARLIE?

YES - WHERE DO WE WATCH FOR HIM?

F.B.I. ALREADY STATIONED AT ALL TERMINALS! POLICE ALSO! YOU, GINA, WATCH AT FERRY BUILDING! WE'LL KEEP LOOKOUT AT OAKLAND BRIDGE!

SWELL! THAT SOUNDS EXCITING!

AND WHERE WILL YOU BE, CHARLIE?

LOOK! OUT THERE! THIS PERSON GOES NOW! TO BOARD WHITE SHIP IN OAK HARBOR!

WE HAVE BEEN LUCKY! MORGAN TO HAVE ELUDED POLICE, G-MEN AND ARMY INTELLIGENCE AGENTS SO FAR!

SO CAN GET BOAST! LUCKY'S MY ANNOLE NAME, ZARA! JUST STICK CLOSE TO ME BEAUTIFUL!

WHEN WE GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE MEXICAN BORDER, WHY NOT SKIP ACROSS AT EL PASO, EH?

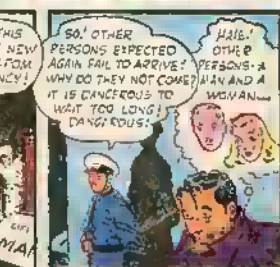
NO! PERSONAL SAFETY IS NOT ENOUGH! WE MUST REPORT AT SAN FRANCISCO!

MEANWHILE, IN SAN FRANCISCO, A SEEDY ORIENTAL WALKS IN THE DIM MIST OF EARLY EVENING

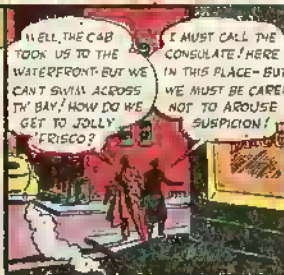
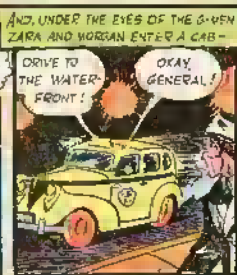
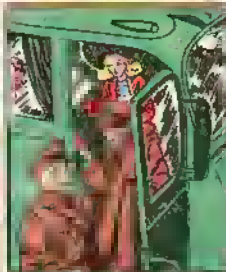
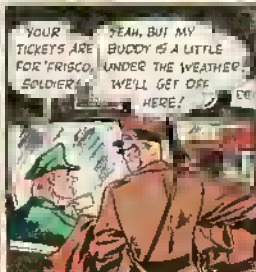
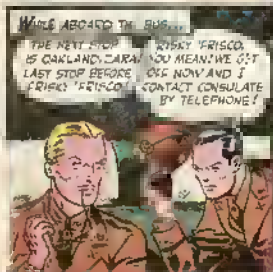
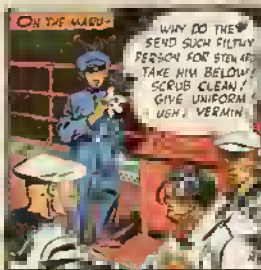
HA! THIS LOOKS LIKE RIGHT PLACE! PERHAPS RIGHT TIME, ALSO!

EMPLOYMENT AD
WANTED
FOR THE MAN - GOOD LOOKS
GOOD CONDUCT! MUST BE
SINGLE, MARRIED, NO
CHILDREN, THE USUAL
REQUIREMENTS
ALL KINDS OF
CHOICE JOBS
\$50 A MONTH AND
FOOD
SATISFACTION
AND MORE
ANY INQUIRY

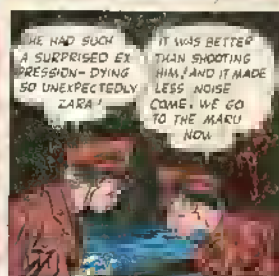
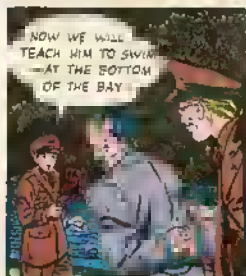
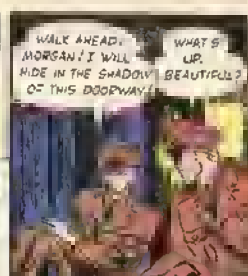
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



MISTER TWO HEADS

BY MART DALLY

I DIDN'T like the guy. His impulsive and egotistical presence gave even that abode of bad airs, the Happy Days Bar and Grill, a bad air, and every time I glanced his way he was behaving as if he thought himself the life of the party. It was easy to dislike him twice as much as anyone I have met. *The guy had two heads.*

Toby Perwold, perched on a high wooden stool at the other end of the bar, didn't think much of Mister Two Heads either. I could hear Toby muttering over and over: "A guy ain't got a right to be a two heads."

Did this bother Mister Two Heads? It did not! Mister Two Heads just kept stowing the cole slaw and the stewed almonds from the free lunch into his two big mouths and double-shaved contentedly.

Overwhelmed by the injustice of this, I bowed my head on a basket of pretzels and wept, while Joe the Bartender told me the story of Toby Perwold and Mister Two Heads.

TOBY said Joe the Bartender is what you'd call a teetotaler. He comes in here under the delusion that this is some kind of ice cream parlor and he will not even sip a Zombie Special until I assure him it's a raspberry soda.

So I was not surprised this afternoon when he dropped in for a case of ginger ale. Seems he stays up most nights writing a drivel for the comic books—stuff about superduper heroes in capes and tight boots who fillet the mad monster population with bolts of atomic lightning—and he keeps his inspiration on the wing with root beer or, as the spirit prompts him, ginger ale.

At about the same time, the Treasurer of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club ordered a case of champagne, confiding chinmily that it was for the annual Masquerade Dance.

Toby and the Treasurer renewed their acquaintanceship over tall glasses of Undertaker's Punch while I descended into the dark ratty cellar where we keep our stock. When I returned with the champagne and ginger ale Toby was offering to drive him and the champagne to the clubhouse. The Treasurer said he'd be delighted to accept a lift.

Ten minutes later they were weaving crazily through traffic. The Treasurer was sitting on the handlebars of Toby's bicycle holding the two cases of beverage on his lap, and Toby was pedaling unsteadily.

ABOUT midnight, so I'm told, Toby caused pining his typewriter long enough to get a bottle of ginger ale from the refrigerator. It was soon apparent that this was one of the better brands. Toby liked the sparkle and the bubbly taste. He poured himself another glass and went back to work.

The story he was plagiarizing was so tedious it frightened him, even if it didn't frighten his acrobatic hero who pelted into the two-headed gorilla with snappy watercracks. Toby

felt the need of a brace. He went to the refrigerator for another bottle of ginger ale.

MEANWHILE, the Masquerade Dance was not doing so well.

For weeks lips had smacked in anticipation of flowing rivers of champagne, and noses hitherto accustomed only to beer foam had twitched happily imagining the delicious tingle of bursting champagne bubbles. Now the members and then ladies were disappointed. They did not express it in just those words, but they had expected that champagne would taste like alxin from the snowy Himalayas, or at least like nectar from Olympia to stimulate their tipsily soaring spirits.

Instead, the stuff tasted like ginger ale. And after waiting without effect for the stimulation to begin, the boys went back to the old reliable beer kegs. The members of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club, who recruited from among the more muscular dock workers largely for the breadth of their biceps, are philosophical souls. They soon forgot their disappointment and tancer in the pleasant sport of banging one another over the head with chairs and table legs and hand grenades made to look like ping pong balls.

Nor so the Treasurer. He knew it was only a matter of time before the rest of the boys, satiated with the joy of cracking one another's skulls, would begin asking questions. They would probe. They would suspect the worst. They would twist a Treasurer's arm, thinking they'd been bilked.

The Treasurer had a sleek conscience in the matter of the champagne purchase: he had not shirked more than his customary percentage. But would the boys believe this? The Treasurer thought not, and meditating bitterly upon the lack of trust in this world, he slid down the dumbwaiter with some empty beer kegs, and made his escape through the basement window.

He did not know that the President of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club already harbored dark suspicions, and was at that moment reading the labels on the champagne bottles. The President was not surprised at what he read. His mouth hardened. He slipped out while someone was blowing an air warden's whistle, and took up the Treasurer's trail.

THE trouble with masquerade costumes is that they make a fellow too conspicuous. The Treasurer, handicapped by a woolly suit designed to imitate a gorilla's hide, nevertheless alighted over back fences and crawled through alleys without attracting more than a shoe or two which materialized out of the night when he inadvertently set a whole stink of humans rolling down callus steps.

Then, just as he was congratulating himself upon sneaking home without being seen, he discovered that he had forgotten his keys.

He hesitated to press the button of the night bell. Such a rash act would bring the night-

shirted building superintendent to the door, and the next day the whole neighborhood would know that the Treasurer, normally a self-respecting sitian, went about travelling in a woolly gorilla suit.

He would, he reflected, grab the keys from the superintendent and dash for his apartment. At least he could have, if he hadn't left the mark behind of the Dancer.

That was one other way of getting in. It would require agility and caution, but he could reach his fourth-floor apartment by the fire-escape.

A moment later, the gorilla-costumed Treasurer scrambled up the wall and swung onto the fire-escape.

He was unobserved, except by one person. This was a lanky figure in red, who wore horns and carried his forked tail wrapped around his arm. It was the President of the Gownus Social and Ping Pong Club.

TOBY PERWOLD had never tested such ginger ale. The stuff had his hectic undotment, and he toyed with the notion of writing to tell the manufacturers so.

Long since he had given up the idea of finishing his script for the comic book that night. Of course, the artist would be starving for work, and couldn't begin working until Toby's script arrived. Let the blither starve, Toby thought happily.

Besides, Toby doubted whether he had read the human heart right. Would, for instance, a slim chap like his superduper hero in the sales cape actually beat to a pulp a poor two-headed gorilla, who, after all, probably worked hard to support a widowed mother? Toby thought not. In fact, Toby told himself, as a surge of love for all God's world, if a two-headed gorilla should step through the window, he himself would welcome the creature like a brother.

The next instant, a two-headed gorilla did.

THE Treasurer, taking care not to knock off any flower-pots, instead going straight up the fire-escape to his apartment. But he could not resist the temptation to look into the lighted room. And when he saw Toby Perwold sitting at his desk, a silly expression on his face and six empty bottles lying around his typewriter, the Treasurer forgot himself.

"Hello," Toby greeted him. "Won't you sit down for a nip of ginger ale?"

The treasurer's heads were remotely human, and Toby suspected that at least one of them would smile. Instead, both heads regarded him with unsmiling, unfriendly eyes.

"Ginger ale?" Two Heads repeated, tight-lipped.

"Yeah. I got a whole case in the refrigerator. Take a bottle. Take two."

"Where did you get this stuff?" demanded Two Heads.

"From Joe the Bartender, who sent that delightful ice cream parlor down the street."

Two Heads picked up one of the bottles to read the label. In his lost eyes burned the light of a Treasurer who suddenly understood all: how a little pipsqueak of a writer, on pretext of giving him a lift to the clubhouse, swindled the case of beverage and lily kept the champagne for himself, and now, caught red-handed with the goods, pretends to think it ginger ale.

"Come, come," Two Heads snapped. "Where

is the rest of this stuff?" I went it QUICK!

"One bottle, or two, you can have, Mister Two Heads," Toby answered generously, "but no more!"

"I went it all!" Two Heads shouted, and his lost eyes bleared madly. "You said it was in the refrigerator, didn't you?" He tried to brush past Toby to the kitchen.

A man of Toby's slight physique shrinks from physical violence. But now it was as if he were defacing the sanctity of the American Home. What, he seemed to ask himself as he grabbed a bottle off the desk and lifted it behind Two Heads, will become of the American system of civil liberties if two-headed gorillas can invade a fallow's refrigerator and walk off with his ginger ale?

The bottle swished on empty air. Toby would have sworn his aim was true; but the bottle seemed to pass through the gorilla's left head.

Two Heads didn't like that. Both his ugly faces twined in anger and half-lightened Toby to death.

In instant haste, Toby swung again. Once more he thought he saw the bottle pass through one of the gorilla's heads—the time the one on the right side. The bottle struck nothing but air.

"Here you, eat that out!" said Two Heads. Both mouths seemed to be yelling at once, and what's more he seemed suddenly to have grown four arms that stretched menacingly in Toby's direction.

Toby waited till he saw the whites of the enemy's four eyes. Taking careful aim between them, he swung the bottle with all his 102 pounds.

The bottle exploded. A direct hit!

Two Heads sank to the floor, his eyes glazy and unseeing.

Toby regarded his handiwork with the smugness of an old Roman gladiator who has sneaked over a last battle-axe on a barbarian Hun.

"Nobody's taking that ginger ale from me," he boasted. "Not even the devil himself!"

"What did you say, Bud?" said a voice. And Toby, turning nervously, beheld a figure in red with enormous horns and a forked tail looped around its arm, stepping over the window sill.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

JOE THE BARTENDER sighed. "The President of the Gownus Social and Ping Pong Club was relieved to find that the Treasurer was a man of honor and wholly blameless. He promised to keep the matter secret, if they split what remained of the case of champagne three ways. He is an honorable man, and he will keep his promise."

I lifted my head out of the pretzel basket on the bar and the next instant was sorry. The guy with the two heads was still there, and I disliked him more than ever. Both his heads were ugly as mortal sin, and, to make matters worse, each wore a turban of white bandages.

Toby Perwold was banging his glass upon the other end of the bar.

"Trow that bum out!" he shouted. "A guy ain't oughts have two heads, anyway!"

"Yeah," I echoed, looking Mister Two Heads square in his four eyes. "Trow that bum out!"

"Shaddap!" said Joe the Bartender. "That bum is you. You're looking in the mirror."

CAPTAIN TANK

FRANK
TINSLEY

ON HIS WAY TO REPORT TO NAVAL MOONS IN TUNISIA YANK RESCUES A MYSTERIOUS VEILED WOMAN WHO INSISTS ON SEEING THE U.S. COMMANDER ...

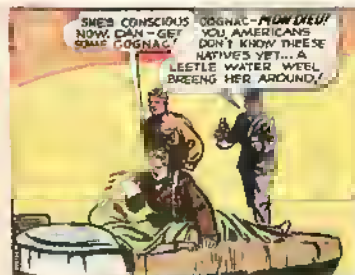
I HAVEN'T FOUND OUT YET JUST WHAT HER INFORMATION IS — BEFORE SHE COULD SPILL IT ONE OF THE LOCAL LADS HEAVED THIS AT US

SACRE BLEU — UN BOABDIL!

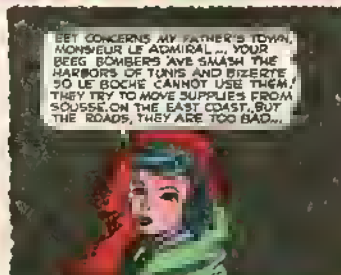
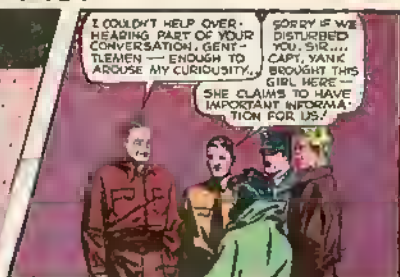
BOABDIL? WHAT'S THAT?

EEY'S A TYPE OF DAGGER WHEECH LE BOUCHE D'S TRIBUTED TO THEIR FEERTH COLUMN HERE SEE HOW THE NAZI SWASTIKA EES COMBINE WEEETH MOSLEM CRESCENT

MAYBE THEER'S SOMETHING TO THE GAL'S STORY AT THAT! REY, LOOK — SHE'S COMING TO



BIG SHOT

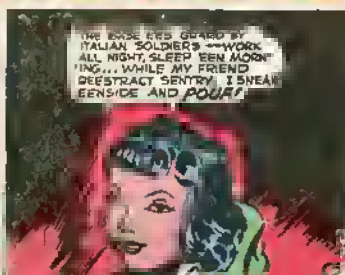


THEN THE NAZIS START A
SECRET BASE AT TAJMAST
FOR SUPPLY NORTHERN FRONT...
OIL, PETROL, FOOD, AMMUNITION
EET COME EVERY NIGHT TO OUR
LITTLE TOWN — BY GLIDER!

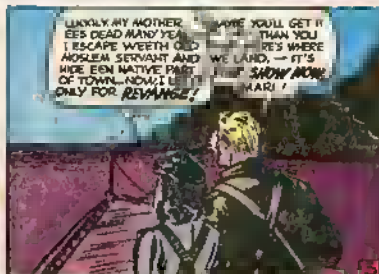
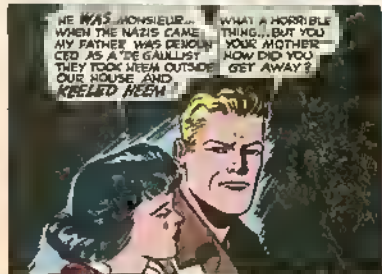
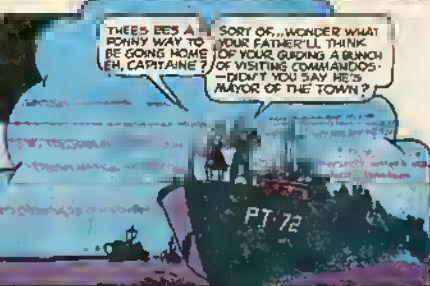
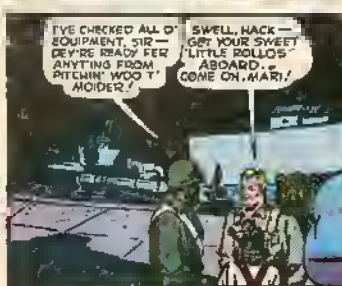
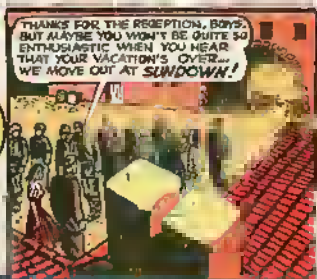
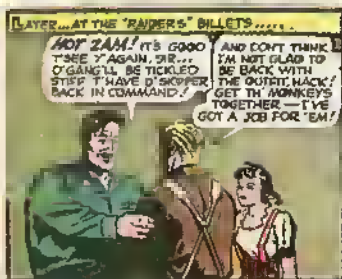
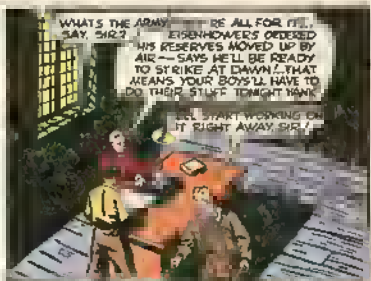
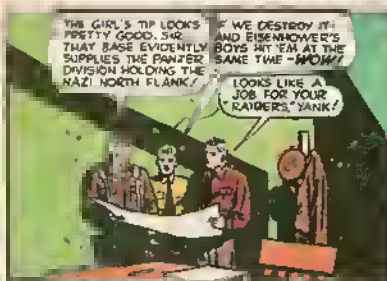
WHEN I COMPREHEND
HOW IMPORTANT TO
LE BOECHE EES THEES
NEW BASE, I COME
QUEECK TO TELL YOU!

IF IT'S AS BIG AS YOU
SAY, MADAMOISELLE,
HOW COME OUR FLYERS
HAVEN'T SPOTTED IT?

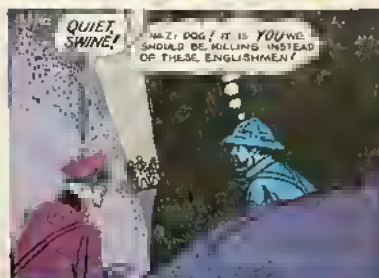
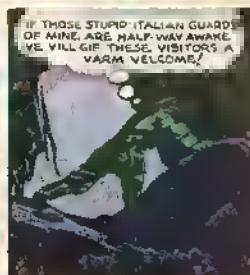
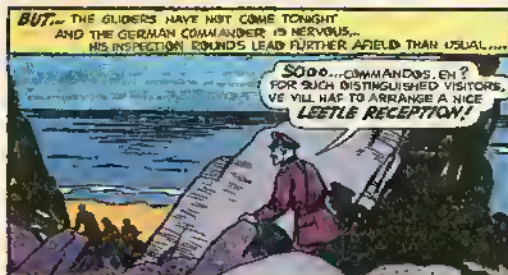
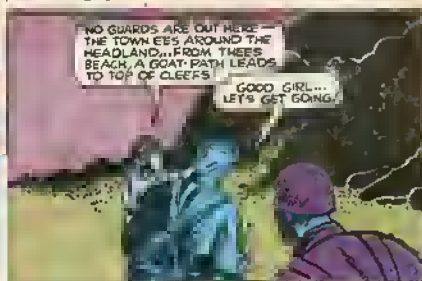
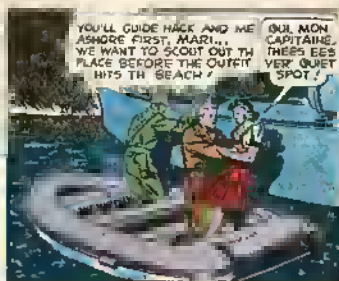
THE BOECHE GLIDERS COME ONLY
AT NIGHT — AND THEY HIDE THE
MUNITIONS EEN A BEEG CAVE
ON THE COAST... EEF MONSIEUR
LE ADMIRAL DOUBTS MY WORD,
I HAVE PROOF!



BIG SHOT



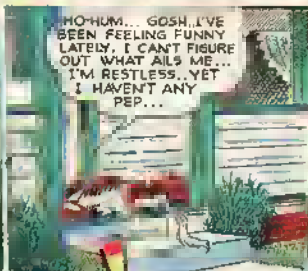
BIG SHOT



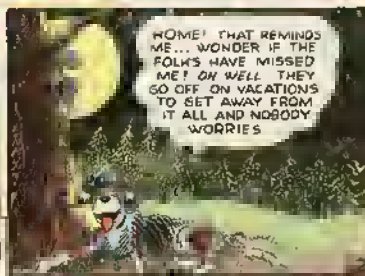
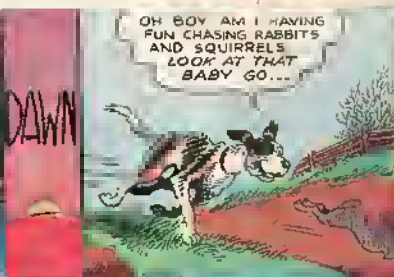
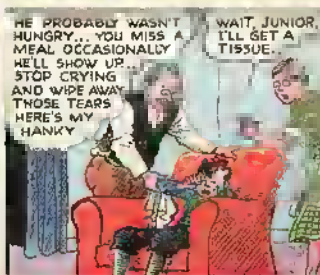
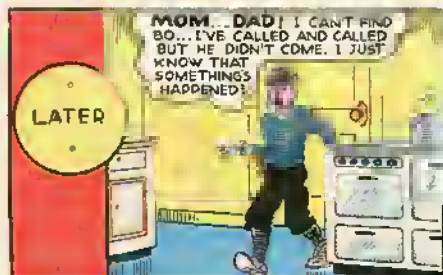
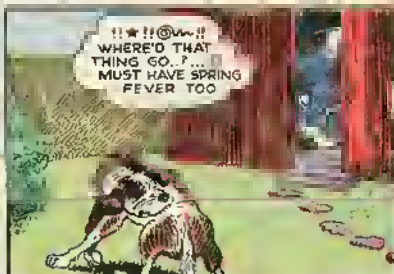
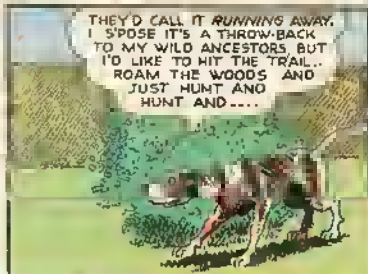
BIG SHOT



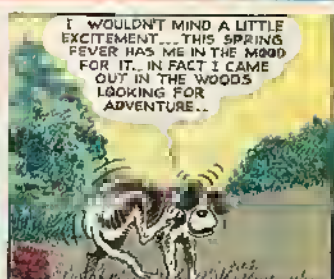
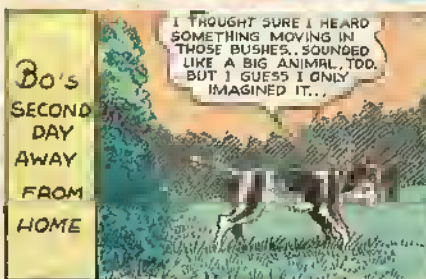
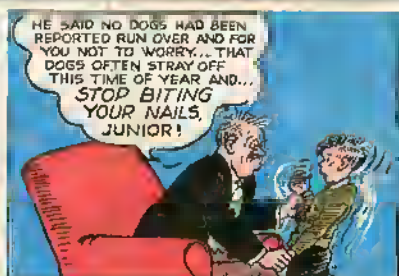
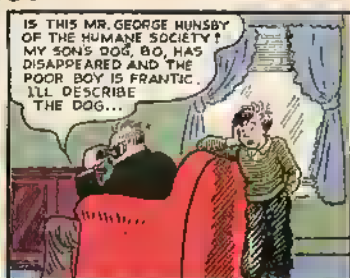
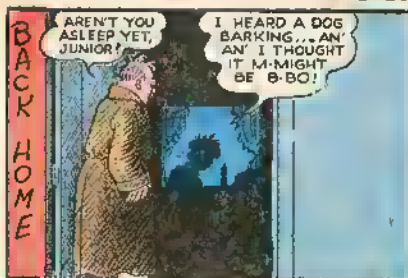
WELCOME
SWEET
SPRING
TIME!



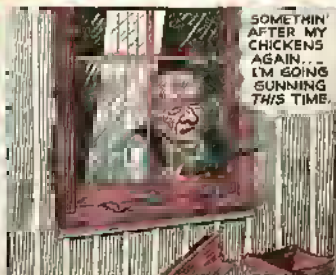
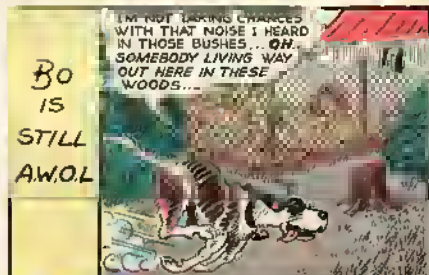
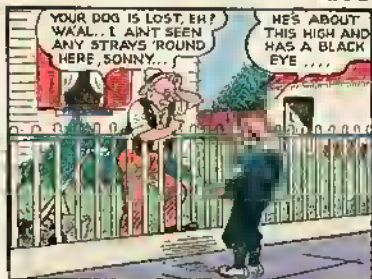
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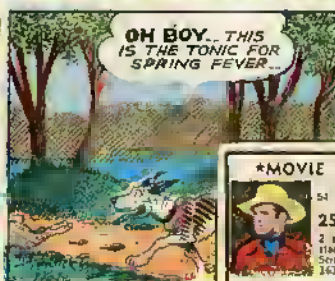
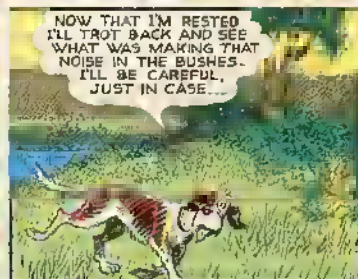
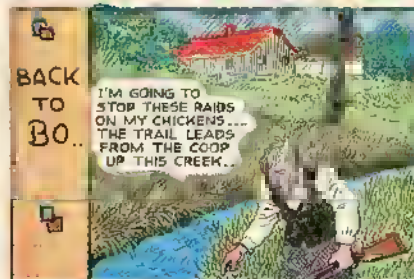
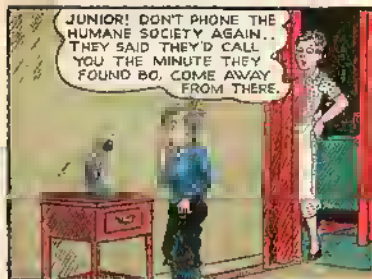
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BIG SHOT



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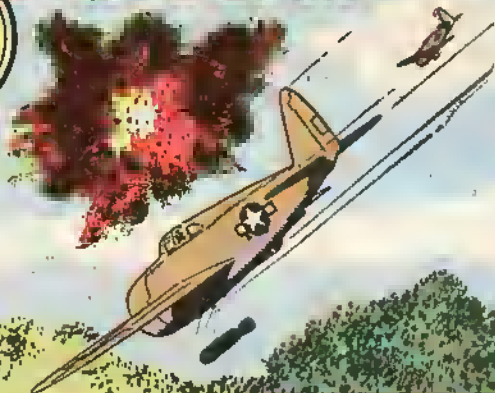


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DEEP IN THE JUNGLE... A TRIBE OF PIGMIES HAS ENTHRONED THE DEMONIC LITTLE MAN...



THEY THINK HE'S A GOD OR SOMETHING, BECAUSE OF THE *FACE MASK*... HOW ARE WE EVER GOING TO GET IT BACK?



A PRISON CAMP IN JAPAN...

YOU DID A GREAT JOB, FATHER, ORGANIZING THIS BASEBALL.

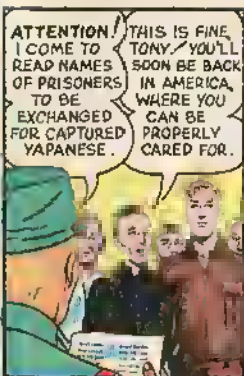
THANK THE FOLKS BACK HOME... BUT WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE OVER THE OUTFIELD, TONY? WE NEED A GOOD MAN OUT THERE!



BIG SHOT.



BREAK IT UP, FELLOWS — CAPTAIN BLOOD-AND-TEARS ARAKI IS HERE WITH THE JOLLY LEG IRONS...



ATTENTION! I COME TO READ NAMES OF PRISONERS TO BE EXCHANGED FOR CAPTURED JAPANESE. THIS IS FINE TONY. YOU'LL SOON BE BACK IN AMERICA, WHERE YOU CAN BE PROPERLY CARED FOR.



MEANWHILE...

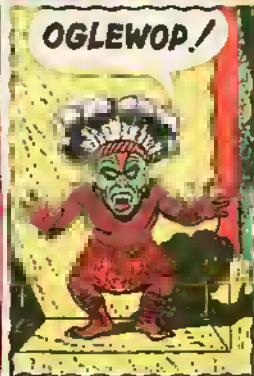
LISTEN, OGLEWOP — BE A NICE GUY AND HAND BACK THE MASK — AND DO IT QUICKLY, BEFORE I KICK OUT YOUR TEETH!



BILL! BILL! HOLD YOUR TEMPER.



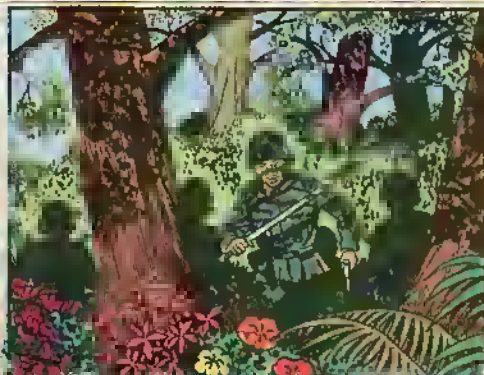
KEEP BACK — OR SOMEONE'S GOING TO GET HURT. TROUBLE IS, IT'S GOING TO BE ME!



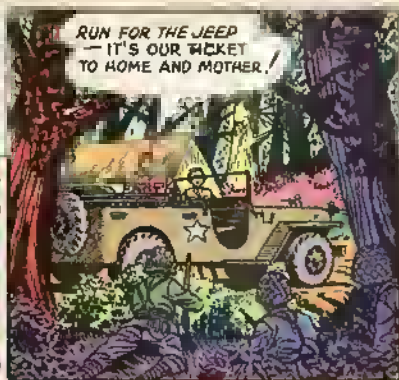
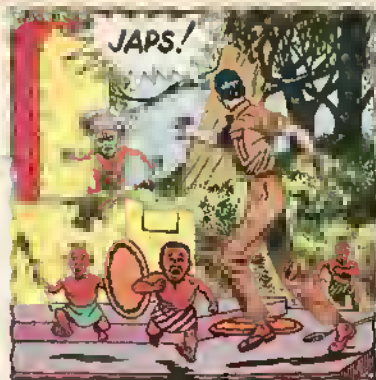
OGLEWOP!



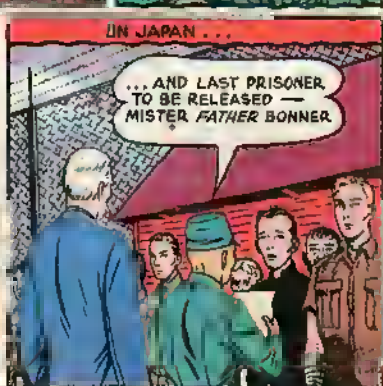
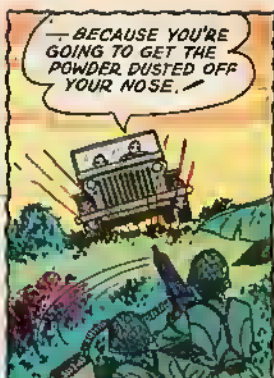
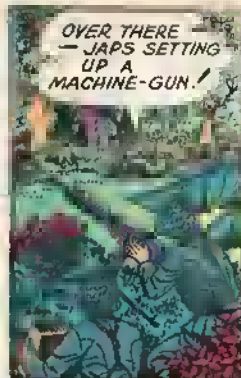
SCARED, EH? THAT'S MORE LIKE IT — SAY! WHY IS EVERYBODY RUNNING AWAY?



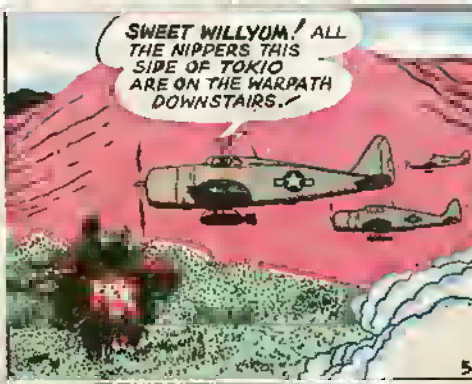
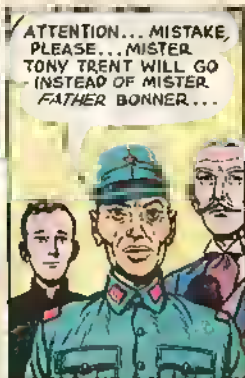
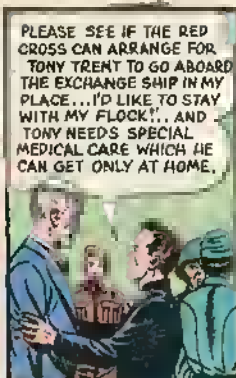
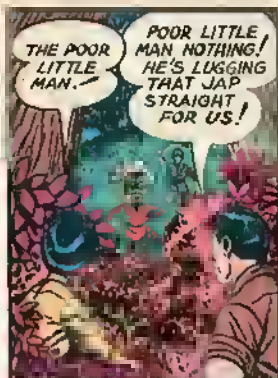
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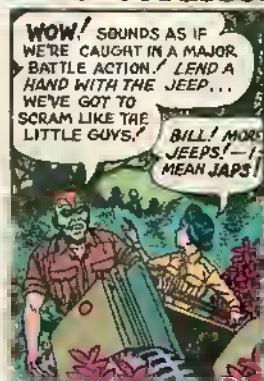
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den St., Lansing, Michigan.



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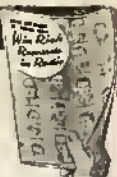
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